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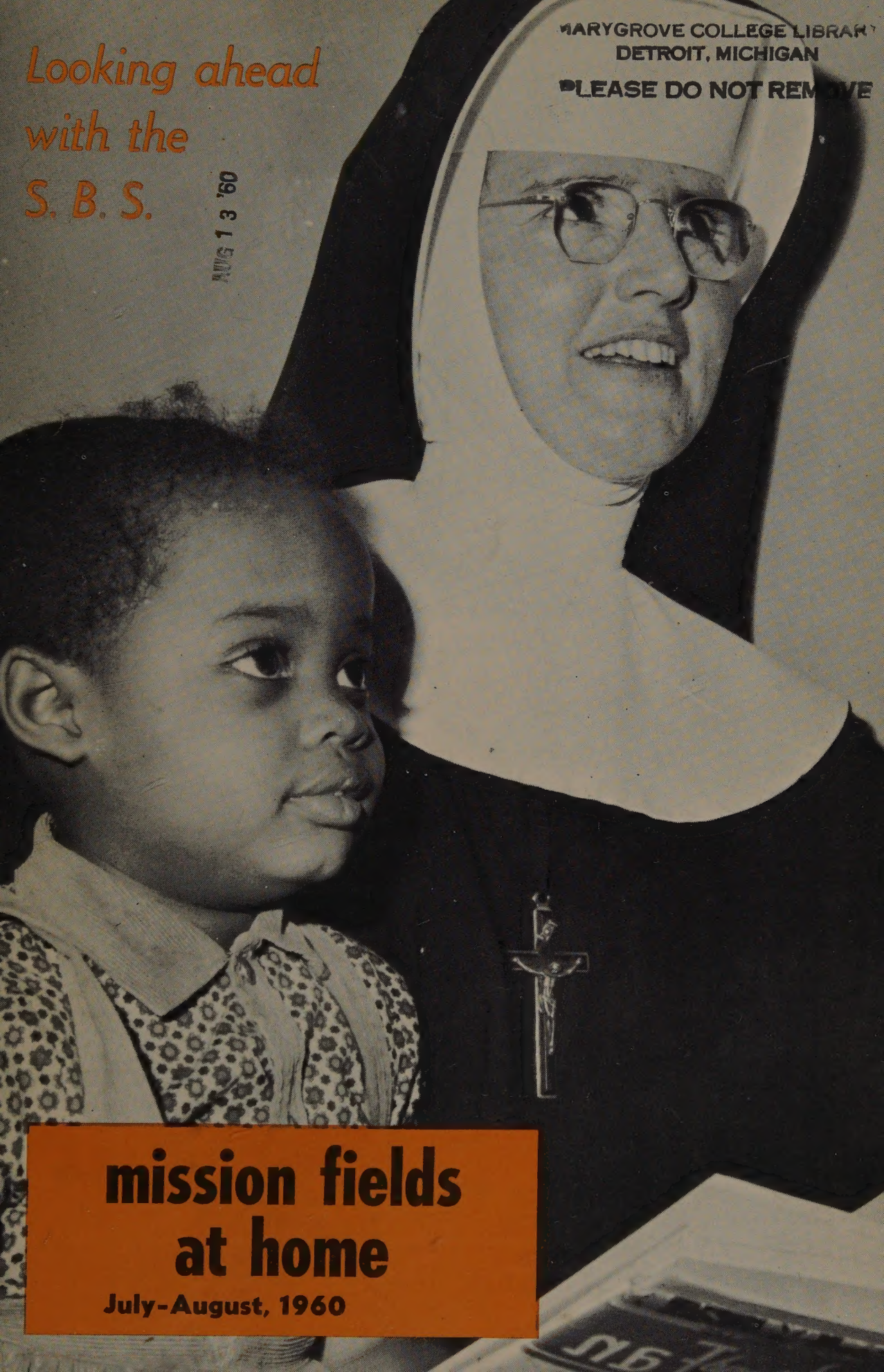
Looking ahead with the S. B. S.

AUG 13 '60



mission fields at home

July-August, 1960

Sister Albertine and Sister Marie Bernarde with two New Iberia students on the banks of the Bayou Teche.

"A bayou! It meanders lazily along. Its moods change with the weather. Now, our historic Bayou Teche is in a calm, peaceful frame of mind. It reflects the lives of our dear people who live close by — but many more of the people who live on or near its banks are not of the true fold. The grass looks greener in other denominational pastures. So it is in response to the Master's call that we are striving to wean these souls from the darkness into the light of His Eternal Embrace."

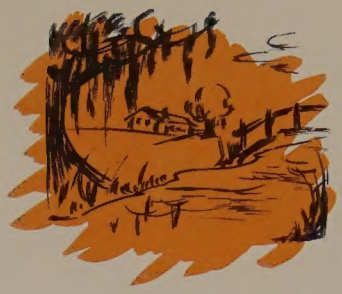
So reflects Sister Albertine as she and Sister Marie Bernarde stop on the banks of the Bayou Teche for a few moments on their way back from home visitations on the other side of the bayou.

"Thank God for the Delahoussayes

. . . bayou missioners

Sister Dominica with a first grader

Visiting on the other side of the bayou.



. . . bayou missioners (cont'd)

Mother Frances Clare in the school yard in New Iberia. New school is visible in background.

and the Bryants and the Broussards . . . an so many others . . . all good parishioners of St. Edwards. Some live near the church; some farther out in the country."

Sister is proud of St. Edward's parishioners and she knows the parishioners are proud of St. Edward's . . . proud of the progress which has been made in their parish.

"Everything around the parish grounds is new, — the Church, the rectory, the school. How devoted to their work in this parish, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost Fathers, are the people, the loyal, generous, devoted, faithful, hard-working people. Nothing is too much for them.

Sister recalls that the men have saved the parish thousands of dollars by devoting their free time and talents to the parish.

"When the Church was a-building," her thoughts go on, "there were our men — when the rectory was a-building, there were our men — bricklayers, — carpenters, — painters, — farmers, — store keepers, — every type of worker — looking for more worlds to conquer in the line of jobs to be done for the Church. They are a living testimony to the spirit which has always made St. Edward's the grand mission that it is."

On their way again, the Sisters cross Main Street and begin the final lap home along French Street. They glimpse familiar faces along the way.

"More homes to visit in the future!

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"The Sisters have come to visit us."

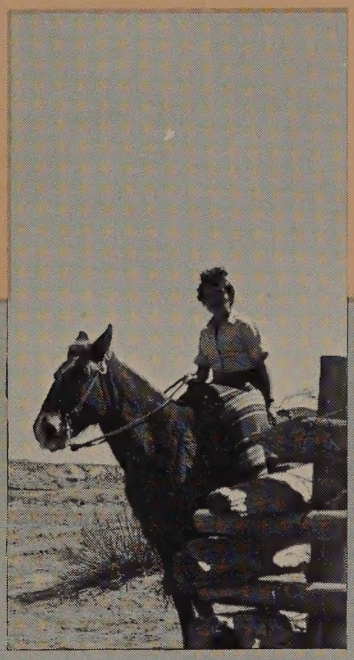
More people to learn about our Faith."

The Bayou has been left behind as the Sisters come to the corner of Providence and Frere Streets — and St. Edward Convent. Sister Albertine's Reflections come to an end as the bell for the evening office sends the two home visitors up the steps in a hurry.

In the chapel those reflections of an S.B.S. missioner in one corner of the home mission field are immersed in the tremendous prayer-thoughts of the psalms. As Sister's Bayou reflections give place to the prayer of Holy Mother Church she begs that *"all the bayou mission land and people may be refreshed by the calm, serene, saving waters of Divine Grace where the Galilean Fisherman awaits their arrival."*

Sister Bernadette Marie and some of the students are silhouetted against the palm tree in the school yard.

ANNA TSOSIE



Mother Maria Concetta, superior of St. Michael Boarding School with Anna Tsosie and her mother.

of the Navaho Reservation

Anna stood before the door of the hogan. To this young Navaho girl St. Michael Boarding School, just a few miles away, and the little eight-sided house seemed worlds apart. Here everything was so different. The fragrance of cedarwood crackling in the fire filled the air. Down in the pasture the sound of the sheep bells blended with the bleating baa-baa of the lambs and the voices of the men as they made ready to coral the sheep.

Inside, Anna's mother would be preparing fried bread for supper. It was good to be home.

The last days at school had been filled with excited talk about the summer vacation. There would be lazy days when the sun would waken her instead of the clanging school bell. There would be time to go horseback riding on the swift, gentle horses. The rodeo and tribal ceremonial would bring exciting days when relatives from all over the reservation would meet. There would be cool nights when the family would sit out under starlit skies. Then there would be time to dream of the future.

Window Rock, towering over the Tribal Council House and framing the boundless skies, seemed to be symbolic of that future. Things looked bright for Anna and her people.

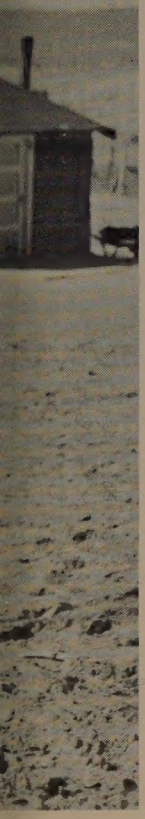
The Navahos had come a long way since they had settled on the reservation in 1868. There were young men who had attended St. Michael's just a few short years ago and were now leaders among their people.

Many young women in the tribe now served their people as teachers, nurses, office workers, or like Mrs. Anna Wauneka, as a member of the Tribal Council.

It would be wonderful to dream and then at the close of summer to return to St. Michael's and the Sisters for another busy, fun-filled year of preparation. And then — who knows! In Arizona the horizon is limitless.

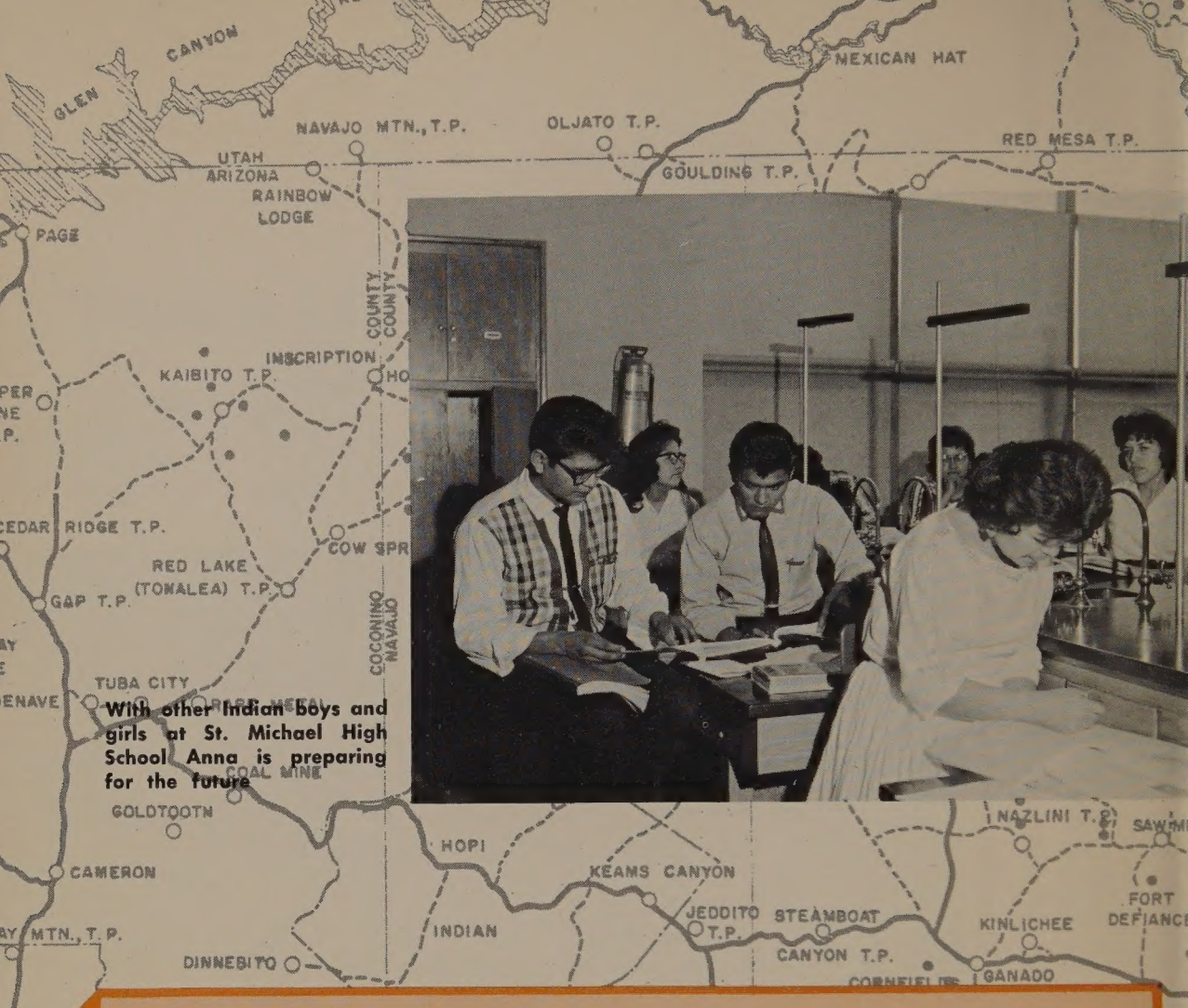
Anna and her mother before their home in St. Michaels, Arizona

Before a hogan, winter home of the Navaho Indians



Anna Tsosie (cont'd)

Sister Alicia and Anna at Window Rock, seat of government of the Navaho Indian tribe



With other Indian boys and girls at St. Michael High School Anna is preparing for the future

Anna Tsosie will be a junior at St. Michael High School this year. What is the history of this school in the heart of Navaho-land?

In 1904 Mother Katharine Drexel "looked ahead," with the Christian daring of a great pioneer, to the future of the Navaho Indians. In that year Mother Katharine built and staffed with her own Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament St. Michael Boarding School on the Navaho Indian Reservation. For fifty-six years the dynamism of Christian education has made itself felt in the desert vastness of Navaho-land. S.B.S. missioners have continued the pioneer efforts of Mother Katharine and rejoice at the evident progress being made.

The maintenance and staffing of St. Michael's School continues to be a major concern of the Sisters today. To this end they depend on the generosity of others. Will you help them in their efforts toward an ever higher level of Christian professional training of the Navaho and other Indian youth under their care?

Send donations to:

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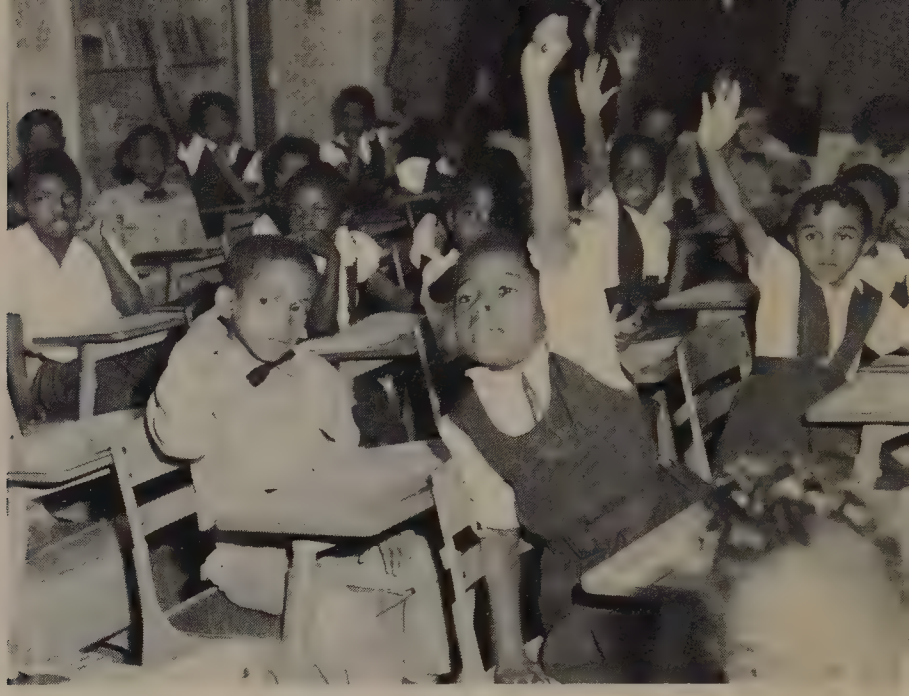
Anna Tsosie (cont'd

On the rocks at St. Michaels

Sister Martin and Anna watch Father Emmanuel, O.S.F. at the printing press

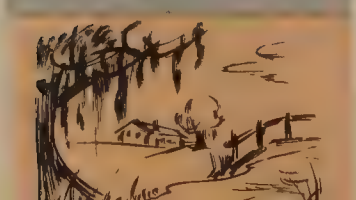


We were taxi-ing from the station headed for 1104 North Jefferson Street. We weren't too far away. The street had been widened. Houses here and there had been demolished. Rubble from them was piled high along-side unpainted frame buildings. Arrayed here and there in dirty snow and muddy stretches, demolishing machines didn't seem out of place in the disordered arrangement of the dwellings of the city's poor.

And then just ahead towered blocks of newly built projects, housing thousands of people - some of whom used to live where the rubble is now piled; many more of whom were recent arrivals from the South . . . Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi. After a while they will move on — on and up, they hope.

It's largely a transient population in this neighborhood in northeast St. Louis. (One out of every three people in St. Louis is a Negro and many of them are on the move.)

And in the midst of it is St. Bridget's. Overshadowed by the projects, the neat and compact convent, school and rec-



. . . project *missioners*

in

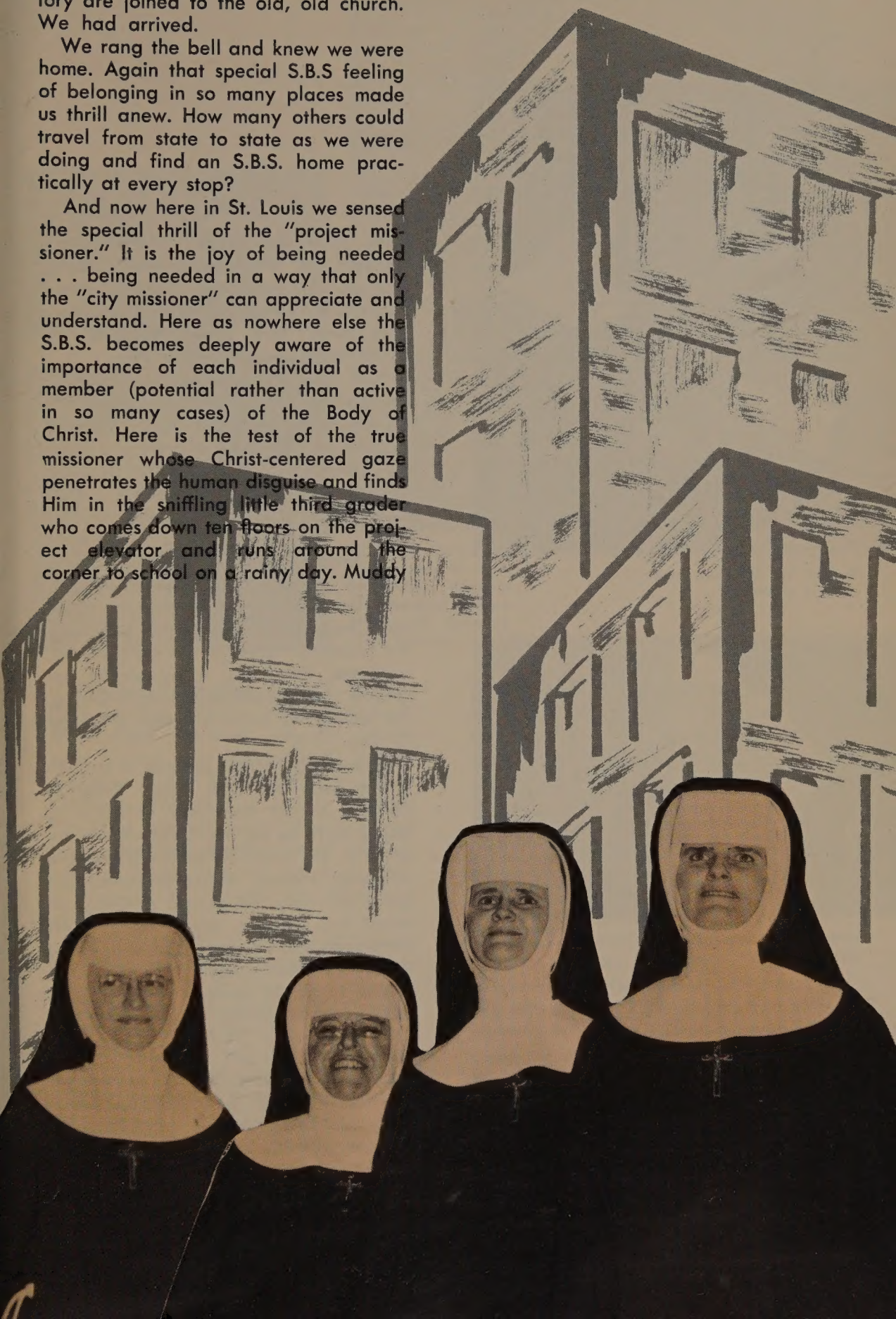
St. Louis

Some project mis-sioners: Sr. Miriam Joseph, Sr. Miriam Sr. Mary of the Holy Child, Sr. Basil

tory are joined to the old, old church. We had arrived.

We rang the bell and knew we were home. Again that special S.B.S feeling of belonging in so many places made us thrill anew. How many others could travel from state to state as we were doing and find an S.B.S. home practically at every stop?

And now here in St. Louis we sensed the special thrill of the "project missioner." It is the joy of being needed . . . being needed in a way that only the "city missioner" can appreciate and understand. Here as nowhere else the S.B.S. becomes deeply aware of the importance of each individual as a member (potential rather than active in so many cases) of the Body of Christ. Here is the test of the true missioner whose Christ-centered gaze penetrates the human disguise and finds Him in the sniffling little third grader who comes down ten floors on the project elevator and runs around the corner to school on a rainy day. Muddy



Mother M. Brendan helps solve a problem

Sister Ancilla - keeping the records straight

steps from the muddy streets don't dampen the teacher-missioner's spirits. Nor do the sometimes restless movements of the sunshine-starved youngsters who haven't been able to play outside for a week because of the rain.

Not even the supposedly discouraging inability to see results can keep the joy from the hearts of these "project missioners." They are supplying a need - a great need. They are the stepping stones which help these people - dear ones of Christ - to get ahead and go on.

In close conjunction with St. Bridget's zealous pastor, Rev. Aloysius Marschner, the Sisters are helping to make the Christ-life of the parish penetrate the towering homes of the parishioners.

Except for them, many would not receive the sympathetic understanding, the willing aid which it is their privilege to give.

Usually the actual process of growth is not seen but it is there. Whether obvious or not the Body of Christ is being built up by the "project missioners" in St. Louis — built up by the missioner herself, whose single-minded gaze sees only the person of Christ all about her; built up, too, in the dwellers of the projects whose contact with Christ in the missioner is having the effect the Divine Missioner ordains it to have in the formation of the Whole Christ.

. . . project missioners (cont'd)

With Mrs. Gossin are Rev. James C. Marshall, Rev. Aloysius J. Marschner - pastor, Mother M. Brendan, Sister Miriam

Mrs. Ethel Gossin

Mother Katharine Drexel, foundress of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament "looked ahead" years ago when she established Xavier College (now University) in New Orleans. Today the results of that "looking ahead" are evident in the many leaders, graduates of Xavier, each of whom in his or her own way, is helping to spread the Kingdom of Christ.

MRS. GOSSIN, a Xavier graduate of 1923, has taught with the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament in many schools and is presently at St. Bridget of Erin School in St. Louis. This year, Mrs. Gossin was the recipient of the Duchesne Award, granted by Maryville College to a Catholic secular teacher who has done outstanding work in a Catholic school. As the citation reads "she has shown devotedness to her pupils, alertness to use new methods of the art of teaching, and activity above and beyond the call of duty. The perfect discipline in her classroom is the fruit of love, not of fear. She has loved each of the six hundred children whom she has taught at St. Bridget's and they in turn have loved her."

The Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament are proud of Mrs. Gossin. Typical of her unselfish spirit is the reply she wrote to a letter of congratulation.

"Thank you for your congratulations and good wishes on the occasion of the Blessed Philippine Duchesne Award. Were it possible for me to select awardees for such honors, what joy I should have pinning on medals. All the way back to 1920 my list would be replete with honorees - Sisters who, many times over, merit recognition such as has been shown me. Shall I say, then, that because of your shining example of self-denial and other admirable qualities, you also share in my honor. I can accept it then with much joy."

Front cover: Sr. Catherine Joseph, a project missioner in St. Louis

In this issue . . .

you read of the challenge of the PROJECT missioners in St. Louis, Missouri,

and of the NAVAHO mission land in Arizona,

and of the BAYOU missioners in New Iberia, Louisiana.

Mother Katharine Drexel, foundress of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, "looked ahead" years ago that this S.B.S. mission apostolate might advance in Missouri, in Arizona, in Louisiana and in the eighteen other states where S.B.S. missioners today are serving Christ in the Indians and Colored People. That we may keep "looking ahead" to a greater building up of the Body of Christ on the home mission field, WE NEED YOUR AID.

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